

Musa Jocosa

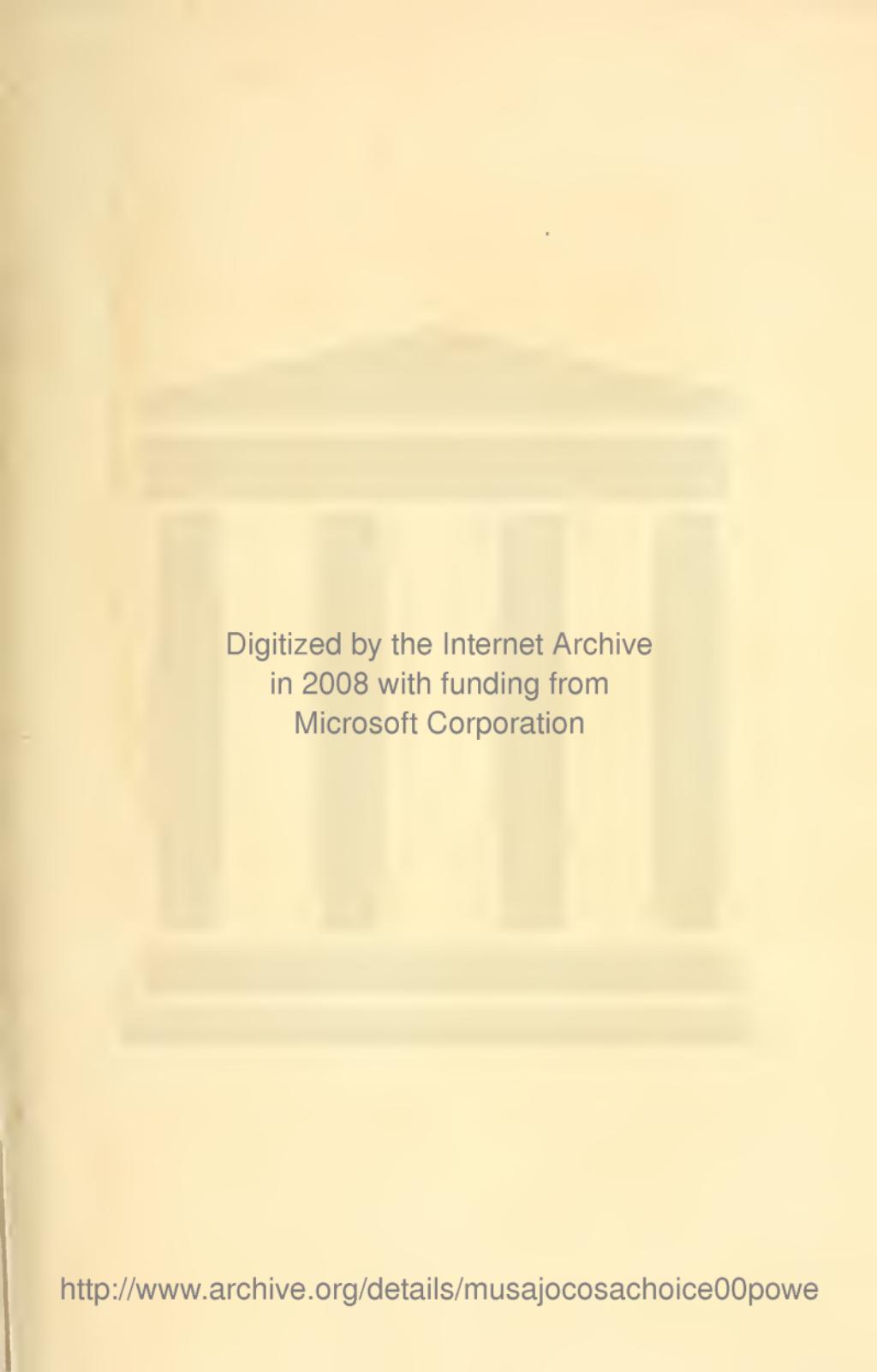
G. H. Powell

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Musa
Jocosa



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OCCASIONAL RHYMES AND REFLECTIONS

UPON SUBJECTS, SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL

Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth ; 1s. 6d. boards

“ Mr. Powell’s satire flies straight to the mark, and
is as successful in parody as in original composition.
. . . . He may fairly claim to share with Mr. Traill
the laurels of English pasquinade.”

The Times

LAWRENCE & BULLEN, 1892

Musa Jocosa

Choice Pieces

of

Comic Poetry

Selected and arranged, with an Introduction

By

G. H. Powell

Of the Inner Temple



London

Bliss, Sands & Foster

Craven Street, Strand

1894

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P R E F A C E

AN introduction which exceeds the ordinary limits of a preface and comprehends much of what is usually to be found in an appendix of notes, has at least this excuse to offer for itself. The reader who does not skip it will be prepared to take the consequences.

So limited is the number of English humorous writers of anything like first-class merit that to fill even a small volume with selections of undeniably excellent comic verse is no very easy matter.

It is perhaps this difficulty or a modest tolerance which shrinks from making odious comparisons and invidious distinctions, that seems to deter most compilers from the task, or leads them to dilute the excellence of a few *chefs d'œuvre* with a mass of passable or mediocre

verse which though it sometimes has other merits, cannot be truly called comic. But though a congeries of this comprehensive kind has doubtless its use and value there seems no reason why a more exclusive and classical selection might not at once meet the appreciation of the general reader and the approval of the rigorous critic. To supply such a supposed desideratum, in the form of a handy volume, is all the true intent of the present editor. With this object—entertained for some years—he has searched, to singularly little result it must be admitted, through many a tome of forgotten lore. Collections labelled "humorous," "comic," "witty," "amusing," and the like, the works of diverse more or less famous authors polished, clever, learned, shallow, trivial and tiresome, and lastly many years of periodicals known or believed to contain matter of a cheering description.

The logical result of these researches has been shortly stated above. There is no over-abundant supply of "Comic Poetry" and what there is, is mostly well-known and prized.

Lest, however, critics should fall foul of our conception of "the amusing" in poetry, we should be glad to introduce this venture with a sort of apology for our principles of selection,

without in any way acceding to our publisher's suggestion of "A Chatty History of Comic Poetry from the time of Aristophanes."

What is comprehensively classed under this name may be roughly divided, it would seem, into two classes, the merely sportive or non-sensical, and the satirical, of which the latter comes historically first. It is true that so phenomenal (and in certain respects so like our own) is the civilisation of Ancient Greece that we may ransack all literature and yet find no nearer parallel to the free humour of our own generation than is afforded by ancient Athenian comedy not merely in the matter of poignant and businesslike satire, but also of that "abandoned" intellectual romping here contrasted with it. Roman humour at best is of a less urgent and more secondary order. And after the collapse of Greek and Latin civilisation the world had, we know, in this and in other matters, to begin over again. And in our own history it is hardly before the eighteenth century that playful humour, as opposed to heavy and truculent irony or ridicule, became a familiar literary weapon.

Burlesque verse indeed came into fashion more especially in Italy, at an early period of

the Renaissance. And one of the earliest perhaps the earliest modern writer of "Nonsense verse" [a matter with which we are here seriously concerned] was one Burchiello, a Florentine barber, who died about the year 1448 and whose poems, beyond all question devoid of what is ordinarily understood as "sense," are believed by the best commentators to have been intended to be "comic," though others consider the text hopelessly corrupt, a matter perhaps not of vital importance to that class of composition: the later and more famous generation of Berni, Della Casa, "Merlino Coccoio" gave to this kind of comic poetry a more established position. Unfortunately modern taste lays the same charge against them all as against their contemporary Rabelais, and (still more deservedly) against our own comic dramatists of the following century. The jocose is for them too indissolubly bound up with the impudent and the improper; one has to wade, ankle deep, through so much (as Voltaire himself says of the great French satirist) to pick up so comparatively little.

Addison is commonly said to have been the first who captured the unkempt *gamin* wit, brushed him clean from the filth of the gutters

and introduced the “scrubbed boy” to the drawing-room of civilised “belles lettres.” But humorous verse of a kind corresponding to the prose of the *Spectator* is even of later growth—the last refinement, nay literary luxury, of generations unburdened by wars, revolutions, or theological disputes. It is singular how little verse of at all a light or joyous spirit was produced in the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson in his brightest moments, as we may infer from his fragmentary parody of the “Percy Ballad,” could have given us something of the kind. But in days when in Macaulay’s immortal phrase “Everything that was miserable was summed up in the one word ‘Poet’” the necessary animal spirits seem hardly to have been available. It is natural perhaps that such a growth should have attained its perfection in our own days of wealth, peace, comfort and

that felicity
Of unbounded domesticity

of the prevalence of which one such work as “Alice in Wonderland” is a striking historical evidence.

Such an age as our own is, we are sometimes reminded, not an age of great productions, it

is far removed from that era of action which has brought forth the greatest dramas, as when a sudden sense of the impending greatness of England gave us the inspired outbursts of Shakespeare. We have got used to the greatness by this time. There is it might seem nothing particular to be said of the kind which rouses the sublime instincts of an ancient people. Why then should any one attempt to proclaim it? So deep a philosophy of literature underlies those lines of the nursery rhyme

Old Dog Tray is happy now
He has no time to say bow-bow.

The happiness of our civilisation evidences itself in no triumphant bursts of genius but in a vast fund of tolerably excellent self-expression : and incidentally (to keep to the matter before us) humour, or at least a very fair appreciation of humour, has become widely diffused among us. It needs no insular disregard of other nations nor of "un-English" varieties of wit to recognise this fact. More than one (and yet above all one) genius have we had among us gifted with that divine laughter-compelling power which is the true solvent of all that is hard, dogmatic and conventional in human

nature. Yet such, as has been said, are but few and far between. Meanwhile, and more especially since the days of Dickens, it has become the most serious business of a vast or increasing number of people to be permanently funny, a result not always achieved either by the imitation of a great man's failings, nor by the incessant employment of a threadbare and jaded "style de circonference." For (to speak more especially of poetry) the dearth of objects on which to flesh one's wit has become embarrassing.

Big game, in the sense of such rampant abuses as erst provoked volleys of sonorous Alexandrines, is now almost extinct.

Even "Society" (the subject of one of the latest unsuccessful attempts—who now sits down to read, "The Season—A Satire ?") has become, as the pessimist must admit with a sigh, hardly worth powder and shot. Its evil is too much interspersed with good to be a safe mark for the humane satirist. A hoarding of laboured exaggeration has to be erected in fact for him to practise at, which is as likely as not to be blown down flat by the first gust of that larger and serious criticism now blowing so freely about our ears wherever it listeth.

There remain then but the comparative minutiae of political, social and literary criticism. And it would appear that these in the hands of our professional jesters are well nigh done to death.

The most brilliant critic of our day in reviewing a volume of somewhat forced persiflage, which had a great vogue a year or two ago, drew an appalling picture of the prospect before us when, parody's self being out-parodied, and all conceivable objects of light satire vaguely sniggered out of existence, jaded humorists should be left to hunt each other eternally through the dreary void.

"Society verse," then, has been found a convenient generic name for that secondary class of poetry—if it can be called so—which is concerned with the criticism not of actual life but rather of the adjuncts and properties of comfortable civilisation. Of this kind, of which the last half-century has yielded such an abundant supply, grace and finish are the chief and usually the final characteristics. Properly speaking "Society verse" belongs rather to a distinctively worldly and polished atmosphere, being at its best a sort of pretty but trivial or soulless poetry and its worst the mere scrapings

of literature, the dust off the side-walks of thought, the preservation of which in verse is largely responsible for the degradation of the metrical form.

On the whole (with exceptions which we shall mention) it is but faintly tinged with humour.

In the hands of Mr. Alfred Austin the grace, if somewhat lifeless (and, after a time, cloying), reaches the perfection of its kind. The verses of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Hain Friswell now and again charm us by a feeling which is better than comic. The same might be said of the more solid work of James Ballantine, and of the homely idylls of "Matthew Browne" and James Smith, all of whom—and others who might be classed with them—would be naturally entitled to a place in any representative collection of authors of "light verse," though they be not "Comic Poets."

Behind these follow a numerous tribe of mere journalistic "vers-de-passage" writers whose productions tail off into doggerel flavoured only with imitation. Imitation it may be observed, is either the essence, or the bane (whichever way we regard the matter), of this kind of minor poet. There is indeed no abundance of models,

but the few that there are predominate with a force that seems too often to crush originality in the bud. Where this is not quite the case, for example in some of the best writers of "vers de Société", such as a Mortimer Collins or a Savile Clarke, we are yet disappointed by a pettiness of atmosphere and want of heartiness about the fun; while the commoner herd seem hardly capable of producing a line in any metre that does not suggest (perhaps this is not altogether their fault) some superior author grave or gay—that is—for there is not much variety of choice—Tennyson or Calverley, imitation approbative or ironical. To one who has just concluded a tour in search of the permanently amusing through some thirty or forty odd years of "Punch," certain lyrics of our late poet laureate seem a very weariness of the flesh.

Meanwhile owing to the marked falling-off already noticed in productions of a flagrantly absurd or objectionable order the profession of parodist presents ever a less and less profitable opening to our over-educated young men.

So far is Calverley superior in this and other particulars to all the servile herd who have

followed him, that, according to the principles we have laid down, the "cream" of "Fly-leaves" should have occupied a third of our volume. The kindness of the proprietress of the copyright having granted us "two poems" we have helped ourselves as those do who are not to be asked twice. "The Cock and the Bull" is not only the author's longest work but perhaps the most finished and spiritual of parodies in existence, and to this we have added "Companions."

Apropos of good parodies (and we have not omitted to secure those two excellent examples of "Sincere Flattery," by the late J. K. S., the most spontaneous, we venture to think, of his "Lapsus Calami") the most brilliant recent production of the kind that we have met with bore upon Emerson's well-known lines concerning Brahma, beginning :

If the wild slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain man thinks he's slain,

and occurred in the literary column of the *Daily News*. It ran as follows :

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled
They know not, poor misguided souls
They both shall perish unconsoled.

I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps and all,

and there unfortunately it stopped. Further inquiry elicited the fact that it was the composition of Mr. Andrew Lang and that he had not even preserved a copy (what must be his wealth who casts such pearls about the way!); but the reader will, we trust, recognise an obligation to us for here presenting him with all that we could get of this literary *trouvaille*.

Equal to the author of "Fly Leaves" in fame, but diverse in his peculiar genius, stands the immortal "Lewis Carroll," the inventor of what may be called the modern domestic humour, the creator of that fascinating dreamland through which, veiled in a sunny mist of ethereal mirth, the daily round of life, its peaceful joys, its inanities, its fuss, friction and augmentation pass before our eyes in admired disorder. "Father William," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and "Jabberwocky" would, it is needless to say, have been more remarkable by their absence from our collection than anything which could have taken their place. Moreover to the brief epic which goes by the latter title we have ventured to add for the benefit of classical

readers a Latin version (published here for the first time) by a late distinguished Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Latinity may not be of quite even merit, yet even one such stanza as—

Victor Iabrochii, spoliis insignis opimis
Rursus in amplexus, O Radiose, meos.
O frabiose dies, callo clamateque calla !
Vix potuit lætus chorticulare pater,

may justify our enshrining in a footnote this monument of eccentric scholarship.

Prior's famous parody of Boileau's "Ode upon the taking of Namur" might perhaps claim a place as one of the earliest specimens of its kind in English literature. It is true that the piece is a political satire. But there are satires and satires. (Juvenal himself exhibits both moods.) The seriously bitter, which seldom retains all its interest when the circumstances which evoked it have passed away; and the genially contemptuous, which aims at provoking the reader's laughter at least as much as ridiculing an opponent. And few will be disposed to deny that in such verses as the immortal quatrain—

Cannons above and mines below
Did death and tombs for foes contrive,
But matters have been ordered so
That most of us are still alive,

the British poet makes fun of the French Pindar, whose stanzas, it may be added, well deserve reprinting, being in their way, which is a very French way, almost as amusing as any parody.

We have referred above to Dr. Johnson's "Percy Ballad,"

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand,

and his further application of "such poetry" to "his own immediate use" in the request for more of his favourite beverage which concludes :

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

The introduction of selected pieces from the longer Poems of the "Anti-Jacobin"—a novel feature in the present collection—will hardly require an apology. This little volume of which the fifth edition appeared in 1807, has only recently been reprinted, in recognition of the enduring attractions it possesses for nineteenth-century readers. Much, indeed, of the volume, has unavoidably lost interest, but it may be

doubted whether any simple piece of comic verse ever made such a decided hit as Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder" which has been shown to be applicable with but slight variations to the politics of our own, or indeed any, day. But the keenness of the occasionally misplaced satire of the Anti-Jacobins is not really so remarkable as the unfailing, not to say uproarious, flow of animal spirits which pervades their humorous poetry.

Ours is not the age of Didactic Poems—Knight's "Progress of Civil Society" has progressed to that bourne of oblivion whence no literature returns ; and Pollok's "Course of Time" can be purchased for twopence at any metropolitan bookstall—but the reader must be more or less than human who does not admire the intellectual *abandon* of the "Progress of Man :"

Ah! who hath seen the mailed oyster rise
Clap her broad wings and soaring claim the skies ?
When did the owl descending from her bower
Crop, midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flower ?

These oft-quoted inquiries remain unanswerable : but even more perfect are the Anti-Jacobin's endless onslaughts upon the "fin-de-siècle" morality of the last century.

Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game,
The *partners* changing, yet the *sport* the same.
Yet must one man with one unceasing wife
Play the long rubber of domestic life.

The “Progress of Man,” the reader will remember, is itself an “extract.” We have merely carried the selection process a little further, where this was necessary to suit more modern taste. The humour of Canning, Hookham Frere and their collaborators, as exhibited in the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, is to a striking degree in advance of their age. Perhaps its social and political changes gave them a better cause and better subjects than we have had since.

Gifford’s literary satire the “Baviad and Mæviad” (1800) is dull to weariness: and the “New Tory Guide” (1819), “with contributions by Lord Palmerston,” as the booksellers describe it, contains few parodies of even second-rate merit.

Among other of the *pièces de résistance* included in the volume we have (not to adhere too rigidly to chronological order) thought right to include Goldsmith’s “Haunch of Venison,” and “Retaliations”—specimens of the humour of a more classic age which we fancy are still found to provoke the mirth of the grave English.

Some readers may require to be reminded that the abrupt conclusion to the last-mentioned poem

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff,

is Goldsmith's own. The detached postscript which follows upon "Merry Whitefoord" is a not very happy afterthought which it seems hardly necessary to append.

In attempting an "extract" from Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the editor feels that he lays himself open to the attack of the captious critic, to whom he would therefore address a word of self-defence. Even those enthusiasts who give twenty pounds for an "uncut" volume of his lordship's poetry will perhaps admit that his famous work if read straight through from cover to cover can hardly be said to leave on the whole an impression of *amusement*, the object with which we are here concerned. The really amusing passages seem to us to conclude, and to conclude tolerably well, with the burlesque tragic description of the Little-Jeffrey duel. What follows, indeed most of the serious part, is, if we may venture to say so, dull, and in places as grovelling in style as any production of the ill-starred Amos Cottle.

Indeed the fun of the piece is often open to the charge of being a trifle superficial when it is not laboriously insincere. The query may be of little profit in the year 1894, but is there anything radically funny in the couplet

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche

except the rhyme, which was probably its chief source of inspiration? Again it is not a mere platitude to point out that there is nothing contemptibly ridiculous in forbidding "a knight," or any one else to read unless and until you *know* that he "cannot spell." But this is to consider too curiously: in truth the reality of Byron's critical hostility will not, as we know, always stand examination. A rich and turbulent burst of animal spirits carries him through the best part of his satirical programme, but the failing and uncertain stream leaves him stranded here and there upon muddy and prosaic flats. Few writers, however, are as amusing as Byron in the right humour, and the author's footnotes (raking in such jokes as Parson's description of the poetry which "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten—but, *not till then*") supply not the least part of the fun.

Gladly indeed would we have added some

good modern specimen of satire, but, as has already been said, "*non est inventus*," and the last substantial piece of comic verse we have included is the best known, we imagine, of the "Ingoldsby Legends." The "Ingoldsby Legends" are most of them amusing in a way, but "The Cynotaph" seems to us the one purely comic poem of the collection, a narrative if not sensational interest being prevalent throughout most of the others.

The familiar volume of "Rejected Addresses" is usually regarded as a storehouse of wit. As a collection, however, it suffers rather from the limitation of its subject-matter, which is strictly dramatic, and of and belonging to a particular period. There is perhaps not much in it which can rank as first-rate humorous writing. Most of us know more brilliant lines and classical phrases from the book, than complete poems which we care to quote. The parodies on the whole are hardly good enough ; those of Laura Matilda and other early writers, slaughtered elsewhere by the ferocious Gifford, have lost their interest for the present generation, and even that on Lord Byron (in a certain vein)—

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought,

is somehow not very amusing. The "simple" Wordsworthian lay, of which such lines as

I saw them go. One horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,

and

While Papa says, "Pooh! she may,"
Mamma says, "No, she sha'n't!"

have become—the latter for very obvious reasons—familiar household words, seems of more durable interest.

Of more modern humorous writers we have already dealt with the most eminent. The original "Breitmann Ballad," which Mr. Leland kindly allows us to utilise, is a popular piece of burlesque. Then, as an effective contrast to the domestic verse of Lewis Carroll, fall to be added two specimens of the singular and cynical humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the best, we count them, of the "Bab Ballads." 'Tis pity that in a good deal of this author's work the effect of a keen wit is to a greater or less extent marred by an odd uncertainty of tone and feeling. The ironic method of Mr. Gilbert, as exhibited in his most popular works, is indeed hyperbole run wild, after which panting Reality may be said to toil in vain, truth turned inside out with such persistence that the original sur-

face of phenomena is often lost sight of. The enthusiasm, however, with which the process is carried out, and the vigorous grasp of the absurdities of civilised human nature give a peculiar charm and piquancy to his happiest productions ; and there is a sweet naturalness about such lines as

The oysters with his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

Apropos of the estimate of the “Bab Ballads” suggested above, a somewhat similar reflection might be passed upon the collection associated with the name of “Bongaultier.” We do not know to which of the two collaborateurs, veiled under this popular “nom de plume,” the fault is to be imputed, but their work has always seemed to us to comprise no picce of sustained excellence ; and generally, in spite of a few well-known lines of a somewhat antique flavour, to be deficient in the literary taste which gives such verse a permanent value. And, as has already been said, we are not here making a collection which aims at being representative of all well-known names.

If that were the case, there is probably no name more famous than that of Tom Hood ; yet

he has left very little of what is now regarded as amusing verse. "The Tale of a Trumpet" seems almost mediæval in its antiquity, and such talent as the author shows in his lyrical pieces is devoured, so to speak, by the disease of verbal quips.

. . . the horse
A thing I always honour, but I never could endorse,
etc. etc. etc.,

of which one soon has enough. "Death's Ramble" may be about the best of the lighter pieces ; but, in truth, Tom Hood is an author of a naturally melancholy cast, whose fame rests chiefly upon one poem, "The Song of the Shirt."

American humour, of which we have heard so much during the past half-century, is a growth which has on the whole little deepness of earth and is disposed rather to run to leaves, the "intellectual green fruit," which the late Mr. Wendell Holmes has lamented as a characteristic product of his native country. But Mr. Holmes himself supplied an exception to the rule : and the best verse of Mr. Bret Harte is that of a humorist of the first water. Witness the more than half-sentimental ballad of "Dow's Flat."

Well, ye see, this here Dow
Had the worst kind 'er luck :
He slipped up somehow
On each thing that he struck.
Why, ef he'd a' straddled that fence-rail,
The derned thing 'ud get up and buck,

a verse embracing the finest conditional sentence extant in the whole range of poetry.

But there is at least one Transatlantic specimen of purely comic verse which is familiar to every Englishman, and that is the Idyll of the Heathen Chinee. Some even of the parodies of this celebrated work—and every graduate will recall the lines

In the crown of his cap
Were the furies and fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is frequent in palms—that is *dates*—

are so good that we almost regret that the presence of the original must exclude them “The Aged Stranger” is perhaps not quite so well known, but the “Society upon the Stanislaus” largely owing to the fame of the gentleman who

Smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled upon the floor,
has long occupied the position of a classic.

Widely different in style, again, is the pious gravity of Mr. Wendell Holmes's Ode on "Contentment." Among poems known chiefly for a few lines the late Mr. Russell Lowell's verses on "What Mr. Robinson Thinks" will probably have occurred at this point to the reader's recollection: but the piece, though vigorous in passages, is somewhat uneven, and hardly bears transplanting from the homely and political surroundings of the "Biglow Papers."

Having said enough and perhaps more than enough to explain to the reader the not very abstruse principles by which we have endeavoured to guide our selection, it behoves us to apologise for the smallness of the volume now offered to his impatient perusal. It should have been larger but for the legal and highly natural restrictions of copyright. At the suggestion of kindly critics, and with the increase of our own knowledge, it may be found possible to enlarge our collection upon the lines herein laid down. Meanwhile, in days when the public is besieged with so much would-be amusing literature, both prose and verse of uncertain tone and widely varying taste, we shall not fear even the reproach of having attempted in some sort to set up a respectable standard of humour by the juxtap-

position of a few pieces which, if not in the general judgment unrivalled, are at least pre-excellent in their kind.

In conclusion we have to express our cordial thanks to Mr. Lewis Carroll, Mr. Godfrey Leland, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Bret Harte, Mrs. C. S. Calverley, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and Messrs. Macmillan of Cambridge, for the courtesy and kindness with which they have accorded us permission to reproduce the various copyright works included in this little volume.



MUSA JOCOSA

C

ODE

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, L'ANNÉE 1692*

QUELLE docte et sainte ivresse
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je vois ?
Accourez, troupe savante,
Des sons que ma lyre enfante
Ces arbres sont réjoüis.
Marquez en bien la cadence ;
Et vous, Vents, faites silence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

* To show how close is the parody of Boileau's style, the French text has been printed opposite the English.

AN ODE

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, 1695 *

Dulce est desipere in loco

SOME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it :

So might not Bacchus give you law ?

Was it a muse, O lofty Poet,

Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw ?

Why all this fury ? What's the matter,

That oaks must come from Thrace to dance ?

Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter,

And is there no such wood in France ?

Why must the winds all hold their tongue ?

If they a little breath should raise,

Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,

Or puff'd away the monarch's praise.

* Originally printed, as a folio pamphlet, in 1695, but the present text is taken from the "Poems" of 1718, as revised by Prior himself.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses ailes,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidèle lyre,
Si dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune
Que sur ces rocs sourcilleux,
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Bâti ces murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse
Deffend le fatal abord,
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, et la mort.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies ;
While virtue leads the noble way :
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid interest shows the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceases,
From Reason far his transports rove ;
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

Neptunc, and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny, and Vauban :
They arm'd these rocks, then show'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be shaken ;
But you and I in Homcr read
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken,
Sambre and Maese their waves may join,
But ne'er can William's force restrain ;
He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne :
Remember this, and arm the Scine.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs ramparts :
Et dans son sein infidele
Par tout la terre y recele
Un feu prest à s'élancer,
Qui soudain percant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulcre de soufre
A quiconque ose avancer.

Namur, devant tes murailles,
Jadis la Grèce eut vingt ans,
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puissance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance
Prete à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne
C'est Jupiter en personne,
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
With fire and sword the fort maintain ;
Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
Yet out they march'd like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive ;
Yet matters have been order'd so,
That most of us are still alive.

If Namur be compared to Troy,
Then Britain's boys excelled the Greeks :
Their siege did ten long years employ,
We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.
What godhead does so fast advance,
With dreadful power those hills to gain ?
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France,
No godhead, but the first of men.
His mortal arm exerts the pow'r,
To keep ev'n Mons's victor under :
And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

N'en doute point, c'est lui-même ;
Tout brille en lui, tout est royaume.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi ;
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendards :
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
Uni sous les leopards.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle
Dont ses sens sont agités
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés
Ceux-là viennent du rivage
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs où la neige
Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marshal great ;
He must perform his king's commission :
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevailed with not to fight
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preserve that right.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See ev'ry mother's son appear
In such a case ne'er blame the foe,
If he betrays some little fear :
He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes ;
Finds a small river in his way ;
So waves his colours, beats his drums ;
And thinks it prudent there to stay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
The marshal cares not to march faster ;
Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here.
We fancy'd all, it was his master.

Mais qui fait ensler la Sambre ?
Sous les jumeaux effrayêts,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyêts.
Cerés s'enfuit éploreée.
De voir en proye á Boree
Ses guerets d'epics chargés.
Et sous les urnes fangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tout ses trésors submergés.

Deployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats,
Ramassez tous vos nuages,
Rassemblez tous vos soldats
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand, la superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Besançon, Dôle,
Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
Disguise the marshal's plain disgrace ?
No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?
The world will say he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre ?
Just as they did that mighty year
When you turn'd June into Decembcr ?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Vill'roy ; are the land-nymphs so ?
And fly they all, at once combined,
To shame a general and a beau ?

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
May join to finish William's story ;
Nations set free may bless his name
And France in secret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maestricht and Cambray,
Besançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lysle,
Courtray and Dôle,—ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style ?
With eke's and also's tack thy strain
Great bard ; and sing the deathless prince,
Who lost Namur the same campaign,
He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynse.

ODE

Mes présages s'accomplissent :
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine
Et les bombes dans les airs.
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

Accourez, Nassau, Bavière,
De ces Murs l'unique espoir ;
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez, vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ces approches :
Voyez, grimper sur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flamme
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

I'll hold ten pounds, my dream is out,
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums ; no doubt
Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me ! a hundred thousand French
With terror fill the neighb'ring field ;
While William carries on the trench,
'Till both the town and castle yield.
Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire ;
Id est, one mareschal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post
For having seen it thou canst say
The steps, by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight,
Look not once back ; but as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight ;
And bid the Devil take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear ;
He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
Tell him that William was but there.

Contemplez dans la tempête
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoutable
Toujours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le suit à grands pas.

Grands deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous, il en est temps,
Courage, vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vu sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc. Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser ?

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star,
The generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence great in war ;
O poet ! thou had'st been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high ;
If thou had'st dubb'd thy star, a meteor ;
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray ;
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day.
It knows Versailles, its proper station,
Nor cares for any foreign sphere ;
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

The French had gathered all their force ;
And William met them in their way :

ODE

Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoi ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
Ou sont ces chefs pleins d'audace
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise
Et de la Drâve soumise
Jusqu'à Paris nous chercher ?

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Dejà jusques à ses portes
Je vois monter nos cohortes,
La flamme et le fer en main :
Et sur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
What has friend Boileau left to say ?
When his high muse is bent upon't
To sing her king, that great commander,
Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander,
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris ?

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks and fire :
Leave 'em behind you, honest friend :
And with your country-men retire.
Your ode is spoilt, Namur is freed ;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due ;
So good Count Guiscard may proceed :
But Boufflers,* Sir, one word with you.—

* Marshal Boufflers was arrested by way of reprisal for the unjust detention of the garrisons of Dixmuyde and Deynse.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un signal pour se rendre :
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépoüillez votre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et désormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos jeux.

BOILEAU.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege ;
The foes of France march safe through Flanders,
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain :
He the same play by land has shown,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the marshal made a peer !
O William, may thy arms advance,
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be constable of France.

PRIOR.



THE VICAR OF BRAY

In Good King Charles's golden days
When loyalty no harm meant
A zealous High-Churchman was I
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed
Kings were by God appointed ;
And damned are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And pop'ry came in fashion,
The Penal Laws I hooted down
And read the Declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, etc.

When William was our King declar'd
To ease a Nation's grievance
With this new wind about I steered
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke
Set conscience at a distance.
Passive obedience was a joke
A jest was non-Resistance.
 For this is law, etc.

When Gracious Anne became our Queen.
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen
And I became a Tory.

Occasional Conformists base
I damned their moderation
And thought the Church in danger was
From such prevarication.
And this is law, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er
And mod'rate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat i' th' pan once more
And so became a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procured
From our new Faith's Defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
This is law, etc.

The illustrious House of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession.
And in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.

For this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

ANONYMOUS.*

* According to the antiquarian Nichols, this celebrated ballad was composed by a private in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons. The original "Vicar of Bray," the Rev. Simon Symonds (*see* Disraeli's *Curios. Lit.*) flourished—as twice Papist and twice Protestant—in the sixteenth century.

RETALIATION

A POEM*

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united,
If our landlord† supplies us with beef, and with
fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish :

* [The notes which follow are those found in the first collected editions.] Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

† The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the doctor and the friends he has characterised in this poem occasionally dined.

Our dean* shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke† shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
Our Will‡ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick § with his pepper shall heighten the savour :
Our Cumberland's || sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas ¶ is pudding, substantial and plain :
Our Garrick's** a salad ; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree :

* Doctor Bernard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

† Mr. Edmund Burke.

‡ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

§ Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada.

|| Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of *The West Indian, Fashionable Lover, The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

¶ Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world than as a sound critic in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen, particularly Lauder on Milton and Bower's "History of the Popes."

** David Garrick, Esq.

To make out the dinner full certain I am,
That Ridge* is anchovy, and Reynolds† is
lamb ;
That Hickey's‡ a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
able,
'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my
head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
 Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth :
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I cou'd not find 'em out ;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied
'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

* Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish Bar.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‡ An eminent attorney.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius
was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much,
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his
mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind,
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend * to lend him
a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place,
sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a
razor.

* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
was in't ;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove
home ;
Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had
none ;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own.
Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at ;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his ! what wit and what
whim !
* Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a
limb !

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
Nick ;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
Like a tragedy queen he has dozen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleased with their
own.

Say where has our poet this malady caught ?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault,

Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them
few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking
divines,

Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodd* shall be pious, our Kenricks† shall
lecture ;

Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall
compile ;

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern,
under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere force
of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover :
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in
the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who
can,

An abridgement of all that was pleasant in
man ;

As an actor, confess without rival to shine :

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :

Yet with talents like these, and an excellent
heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he
spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge, his own natural
red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was
acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day :

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,

If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,* and Woodfalls† so grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave ?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd ?

* Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, etc. etc.

† Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature ;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a
thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ;
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser ;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
Perhaps he confided in men as they go
And so was too foolishly honest ? Oh, no !
Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and
burn ye,—

He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;

His pencil was striking, resistless and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
of hearing,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

A POETICAL EPISTLE, TO LORD CLARE

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a
platter;

The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so
ruddy;

Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
help regretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;

I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in
view;

To be shown to my friends as a piece of
virtu;

As in some Irish houses, where things are so so
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
But, for eating a rasher of what they take
pride in,

They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is
fry'd in.

But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-
nounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may
try,

By a bounce now and then, to get courage to
fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce ; I protest in my
turn,

It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr.
Burn.*

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the
haunch ;

I thought of a friend that was trusty and
staunch,

So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best,

* Lord Clare's nephew.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival
Monroe's :*

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,†
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman, Higgins—Oh ! let him
alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a
shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
enter'd ;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.

* Dorothy Monroe, a beauty celebrated in verse by Lord Townshend.

† Howard, Coley, Hogarth and Hiff.

“ What have we got here ?—Why this is good eating !

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting ?”

“ Why whose should it be ?” cried I with a flounce :

“ I get these things often”—but that was a bounce :

“ Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”

“ If that be the case then,” cried he, very gay,

“ I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;

No words—I insist on’t—precisely at *three* :

We’ll have Johnson, and Burke ; all the wits will be there ;

My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my Lord Clare.

And, now that I think on’t, as I am a sinner !

We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear
friend ! ”

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the
wind,

And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And “ nobody with me at sea but myself ; ” *

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison
pasty,

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his
wife.

So next day in due splendour to make my
approach,

I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to
dine,

(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by
nine :)

* See the letters that passed between His Royal Highness
Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor, 12°, 1769.

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me
quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
come ;
“ For I knew it,” he cried, “ both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with
Thrale ;
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the
party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as
hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They’re both of them merry, and authors like
you ;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the
Scourge ;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to
Panurge.”
While thus he described them by trade and by
name,
They enter’d, and dinner was serv’d as they
came.
At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;

At the sides there was spinnage and pudding
made hot ;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter
aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a
Persian,
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
But what vex'd me most, was that d—d
Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and
his brogue,
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my
poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be
curst,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to
burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the
week :

I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing
at all."

"O—ho" ! quoth my friend, " he'll come on in-
a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
There's a pasty."—"A pasty !" repeated the
Jew ;

" I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too."

" What the de'il, mon, a pasty !" re-echo'd the
Scot ;

" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for
that."

" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out ;
" We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the
maid ;

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mis-
take her ?)

That she came with some terrible news from the
baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour
misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
You've got an odd something—a kind of
discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your
own
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of
this.

A N E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

THE CYNOTAPH *

Poor Tray charmant !
Poor Tray de mon ami !

Dog-bury and Vergers.

OH ! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
Now his fleeting breath has passed away ?—
Seventeen years I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,
Ever more happy, and frisky, and gay,
As though every one of his months was May
And the whole of his life one long holiday—
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,
Oh ! where shall I bury my faithful Tray ?

* Confound not, I beseech thee, reader, the subject of the following monody with the hopeless hero of the tea-urn, Cupid, of "Yow-Yow-ing" memory. Tray was an attached favourite of many years' standing. Most people worth loving have had a friend of this kind : Lord Byron says he "never had but one, and here he (the dog, not the nobleman) lies ! "

I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there, in yon sunny church-
yard,

Where the green willows wave O'er the peace-
ful grave,

Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true,
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.

But it may not be—yon sacred ground
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallow'd bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the mid-day sun through the storied
pane

Throws on the pavement a crimson stain
Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing
O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of
thing.

No!—come what may, My gentle Tray
Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder,

Whom you see on their backs, In stone or in
wax,

Though the sacristans now are “ forbidden to
ax ; ”

For what Mr. Hume calls “ a scandalous tax ; ”

While the Chartists insist they've a right to go
snacks—

No !—Tray's humble tomb would look but
shabby

'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous
Abbey.

Besides, in the place, They say there is not
space

To bury what wet nurses call a “ babby.”

Even “ Rare Ben Jonson,” that famous wight

I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,

In just such a posture, beneath his bust,

As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

The Epitaph, too, Would scarcely do :

For what could it say, but, “ Here lies Tray,”

A very good kind of a dog in his day,

And satirical folks might be apt to imagine
it

Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No! no!—The Abbey may do very well
For a Feudal “Nob,” or poetical “Swell,”
“Crusaders,” or “Poets,” or “Knights of St.
John,”

Or Knights of St. John’s Wood, who once went
on

To the *Castle of Goode Lorde Eglintoune*.

Count Fiddle-sumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle.

“Sir Craven,” “Sir Gael,” and “Sir Campbell
of Saddell”

(Who, poor Hook said, when he heard of the
feat,

Was somehow knock’d out of his family
seat);

The Esquires of the body To my Lord
Tomnoddy;

“Sir Fairlie,” “Sir Lambe,”

And the “Knight of the Ram,”

The “Knight of the Rose,” and the “Knight of
the Dragon,”

Who save at the flagon, And prog in the
wagon,

The newspapers tell us did little “to brag
on;”

And more, though the Muse knows but little
concerning 'em,

"Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir Gage," and
"Sir Jerningham."

All *preux chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-
valry

—(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long ;
Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
"The word 'Chivalry' is but a rhyme to the eye."

And now it is clear, A fastidious ear
Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you
when you

Insert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine :
As to pleasing the "eye" 'Tisn't worth while to
try.

Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves
admit 'Spinach'

Is perfectly antiphonetic to ' Greenwich.')—
But stay!— I say !

Let me pause while I may—
This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—a grave for my poor dog Tray !

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's !
Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher
Wren,

As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
"Circumspice si Monumentum requiris;"
Which an erudite verger translated to me,
"If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-*
see!—"

No!—I should not know where to place him
there ;

I would not have him by surly Johnson be ;—
Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on
Ponsonby ;—

Or those ugly minxes, The sister Sphynxes,
Mix'd creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,
(Denon says,) the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo* ;
On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough to
despatch him,

If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to
catch him.

No! I'd not have him there,—nor nearer the door,

Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,

And are quietly letting him down through the floor,

By Gillespic, the one who escaped, at Vellore,
Alone from the row ;—Neither he, nor Lord Howe

Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.

No, Tray, we must yield, And go further a-field ;

To lay you by Nelson were downright effront'ry;
—We'll be off from the City, and look at the country.

It shall not be there, In that sepulchred square,

Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air
(Though, pay but the dues, They could hardly refuse

To Tray, what they've granted to Thuggs, and Hindoos,

Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews),

Where the tombstones are placed in the very
best taste,

At the feet and the head, Of the elegant Dead,
And no one's received who's not "buried in
lead:"

For, there lie the bones Of Deputy Jones,
Whom the widow's tears, and the orphan's groans
Affected as much as they do the stones
His executors laid on the Deputy's bones ;

Little rest, poor knave ! Would Tray have in
his grave ;

Since spirits, 'tis plain, Are sent back again,
To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in
pain,—

Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack-
chain ;

Whenever they met, alarm'd by its groans, his
Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid By that cross old maid,
Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom it is said
All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid.

He must not be placed By one so strait-laced
In her temper, her taste, her morals, and waist.

For 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and
St. Peter,

Who happened to meet her, Came forward to
greet her,

She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature.
And bade him "Get out for a horrid Male
Creature!"

So the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
And not being willing—or able—to beat her,
Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew
sweeter,

With an epithet which I decline to repeat here.

No,—if Tray were interred By Penelope Bird,
No dog would be e'er so be-'whelp' and be-
‘cur’ r’d—

All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
Would be running about in the pale moonlight,
Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a
stick.

Stay!—let me see!— Ay—here it shall be
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,

Where Tray and I Would often lie,
And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good-bye ;
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh :
Poured forth her mournful melody ;
While the tender wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
“ How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie ! ”
Ay, here it shall be ! —far, far from the view
Of the noisy world and its maddening crew
Simple and few, Tender and true
The lines o'er his grave. They have, some of
them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.

EPITAPH

Affliction sore Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain ! —

Grown blind, alas ! he'd Some prussic acid,
And that put him out of his pain !

NOTE TO THE CYNOTAPH

In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer (Sir John Moore) might have been the production of Lord Byron's muse, the late Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignant, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* "Doctor Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain "Doctor Peppercorn" put forth *his* pretensions to what he averred was the only "true and original" version—viz., *the following*.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.—VIRGIL.

I wrote the lines—. . . owned them—he told stories!—

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Nor a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note,

And he look'd confoundedly flurried,

As he bolted away without paying his shot,

And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night

When home from the club returning;

We twigg'd the doctor beneath the light

Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,

Reclined in the gutter we found him:

And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,

With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

THE CYNOTAPH

"The doctor's as drunk as the d—l," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
From his rooms in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

“ NEEDY knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast ;—your coat has got a
hole in’t

So have your breeches !

“ Weary knife-grinder ! Little think the proud
ones,

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work ’tis crying all day

“ Knives and
Scissors to grind O !”

“ Tell me Knife-Grinder, how came you to grind
knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?

Was it the Squire ? or parson of the parish ? .
Or the attorney ?

“ Was it the Squire, for killing of his game ?
Or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit ?

(“ Have you not read the Rights of Man, by
Tom Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.”

KNIFE-GRINDER

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see
were

Torn in a scuffle.

“Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

“I should be glad to drink your Honour's health
in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

“I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d——d
first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, over-
turns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of Republican enthu-
siasm, and universal philan-
thropy.]

THE “ANTI-JACOBIN.”



THE PROGRESS OF MAN

A DIDACTIC POEM

*In forty cantos, with notes critical and explanatory :
chiefly of a philosophical tendency.*

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, Esq.

CANTO FIRST

CONTENTS

*The Subject proposed—Doubts and Waverings—Queries not to be
answered—Formation of the Stupendous Whole—Cosmogony ;
or the Creation of the World: The Devil—Man—Various
classes of being : ANIMATED BEINGS—Birds—Fish—Beasts—
The influence of the sexual appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—
on Crimft Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oysters—Various
stations assigned to different animals :—Birds—Bears—*

Mackarel—Bears remarkable for their fur—Mackarel cried on a Sunday—Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the Water—Plants equally contented with their lot :— Potato—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers—MAN only discontented—Born a savage; not choosing to continue so, becomes polished—resigns his liberty—Priestcraft—Kingcraft—Tyranny of Law and Institutions—Savage Life—Description thereof :—Otaheite—Marriage—Its indissolubility the cause of its unhappiness—Nature's Laws not consulted—Civilised Nations mistaken—Happiness of Otaheite—Illustrated by a game at cards—Whist—Cribbage—Partners changed—Why not in marriage?—Illustrated by a River—Love free—Priests—Kings, etc. etc.

WHETHER some great, supreme o'erruling Power

Stretched forth its arm at Nature's natal hour,
Composed this mighty whole with plastic skill,
Wielding the jarring elements at will?

5 Or whether sprung from Chaos', mingling storm,

The mass of matter started into form?

Or Chance o'er Earth's green lap spontaneous fling

The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring?

Whether material substance unrefined

10 Owns the strong impulse of instinctive mind,

Which to one centre points diverging lines
 Confounds, repeats, invig'rates and combines ?
 Whether the joys of earth, the hopes of heaven ?
 By man to God, or God to man were given ?

15 If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe ?
 Who rules above or who reside below ?
 Vain questions all—shall Man presume to know ?
 On all these points, and points obscure as these ?
 Think they who will,—and think whate'er they
 please !

20 Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue,
 Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe ;
 Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,
 With anxious fondness feed her cawing young.
 Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,
 25 Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl ;

Ver. 12. The influence of Mind upon Matter comprehending the whole question of the existence of Mind as independent of Matter, or as co-existent with it, and of Matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent Essence, will make the subject of a larger poem in 127 Books now preparing under the same auspices.

Ver. 14. See Godwin's "Enquirer"; Darwin's "Zoonomia"; Paine; Priestley, etc. etc. etc.; and all the French Encyclopædistes.

How Lybian tigers' chaudrons love assails,
 And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales:—
 Cools the crimp'd cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
 Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters'
 hearts ;—

- 30 Then say, how all these things together tend
 To one great truth, prime object, and good end.
 First to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
 Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
 The feathered race with pinions skim the air—
- 35 Not so the mackarel, and still less the bear :
This roams the *wood*, carniv'rous, for his prey ;
That with soft roe, pursues his *watery* way :—

Ver. 26. "Add thereto a tiger's chaudron."—*Macbeth*.

Ver. 26, 27. "In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,
 And warms the whales on Zembla's frozen
 shore."

Progress of Civil Society, Book I. ver. 98.

Ver. 29. "An oyster may be cross'd in love."

MR. SHERIDAN'S *Critic*.

Ver. 34. Birds fly.

Ver. 35. But neither fish nor beasts—particularly as
 here exemplified.

Ver. 36. The Bear.

Ver. 37. The Mackarel. There are also *hard-roed* mackarel.
Sed de his aliis locis.

*This slain by hunters yields his shaggy hide
That caught by fishers is on Sunday cried.*

- 40 But each contented with his humble sphere
Moves unambitious through the circling year ;
Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,
Nor pines to quit nor strives to change his place,
Ah ! who has seen the mailed lobster rise
Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies ?
- 45 When did the owl descending from her bower
Crop, midst the fleecy flocks the tender flow'r ;
Or the young heifer plunge with pliant limb
In the salt wave, and fish-like strive to swim ?
The same with plants, potatoes 'tatoes breed—
- 50 Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed ;
Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed ;

Ver. 38. Bear's *grease*, or fat, is also in great request : being supposed to have a *crini-parous*, or hair-producing quality.

Ver. 45 to 49. Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man, who is always discontented.

Ver. 49. *Salt wave*—wave of the sea—"briny wave"—Poetæ passim.

Ver. 50. A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man is found in plants : they are contented ; he restless and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete est.*

Ver 50. *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Elision for sake of the verse,

Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume
To flow'r like myrtle, or like violets bloom.

55 Man—only—rash, refined, presumptuous man
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.
Born the free heir of Nature's wide domain
To Art's strict limit bounds his narrow'd reign ;
Resigns his native rights for meaner things,
60 For Faith and Fetters—Laws, and Priests, and
Kings.

* * * *

140 Hail! beauteous lands that crown the Southern
Seas ;
Dear happy seats of Liberty and Ease !
Hail ! whose green coasts the peaceful ocean laves,
Incessant washing with his watery waves !

Delicious islands to whose envied shore
145 Thee gallant Cook, the ship *Endeavour* bore.
There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
And light wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures
reign.

not meant to imply that the root degenerates. Not so with
man—

“ Mox daturus
Progeniem vitiosiorem.”

Ver. 140. The ceremony of invocation (in Didactic Poem

There when two souls congenial ties unite,
No hireling *Bonzes* chant the mystic rite ;
150 Free every thought, each action unconfin'd,
And light those setters which no rivets bind.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring
mind

Europe's cold laws, and colder customs bind
O ! learn what Nature's genial laws decree—

155 What Otaheite is, let Britain be !

* * * *

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark the amusing
game—

The partners *changing*, but the SPORT the
same. .

Else would the Gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.

especially) resembles that of drinking toasts: the corporeal
representatives of all are supposed to be absent and un-
conscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names.
Hence it is that our author addresses himself to the natives
of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did,
would not understand him.

Ver. 153. *Laws* made by Parliaments or Kings.

Ib. Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here
alluded to.

160 — Yet must *one* Man, with one unceasing wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of Connubial Life.

Yes ! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
The generous passion straiten and confine ;
And, as a stream, when Art constrains its
course

165 Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So Passion, narrowed to one channel small,
Unlike the former does not flow at all.

—For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontroll'd by Priestcraft or by Kings.

170 Such the strict rules, that in these barbarous
climes

Choke youth's fair flow'rs and feelings turn to
crimes :

And people every walk of polished life
With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE.

THE “ANTI-JACOBIN.”

Ver. 164. *As a stream*, etc. Simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

Ver. 172. *Walks of polish'd life*—cf. “Kensington Gardens,” a poem.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

STILL must I hear ? Shall hoarse Fitzgerald* bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,†
And I not sing, lest happily Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my
Muse ?

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish right or wrong :
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

* * * *

* Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the " small beer poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the " Literary Fund "; not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation

† Semper ego auditer tantum ? nunquamne reponam
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri ?

Juvenal, Sat. I.

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager pass in long review ;
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race ;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ;
And Tales of Terror jostle on the road ;
Immeasurable measures move along,
For simpering Folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of minstrels—may they be the last !—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,
While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights ;
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes the Lord knows why.
While highborn ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a Knave.
Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,

Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace ;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott ! by vain conceit per-
chance

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy Muse just half a crown per line !
No ! when the sons of song descend to trade
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name
Who rack their brains for lucre not for fame :
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son
And bid a long " good night to Marmion."

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim
While awestruck nations hailed the magic name :
Not so with us, though minor Bards content
On one great work a life of labour spent ;
With eagle pinions soaring to the skies
Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise !

To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains like armies take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of
France !

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ;
Her Fetters burst and just released from
prison

A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen,
Next see tremendous Thalaba * come on
Arabia's monstrous, wild and wondrous son ;
Domidaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew.
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal Hero ! All thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb ;
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race !

* "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc" was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba" was one of those poems which, in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then."

Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense !
Now last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails
Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales ;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh Southey, Southey ! cease thy varied song !
A Bard may chaunt too often and too long :
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare !
A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt vereward plod thy weary way :
If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil*
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
“God help thee,” Southey, and thy readers
too.†

Next comes the dull disciple of the school
That mild apostate from poetic rule,

* See “The Old Woman of Berkley,” a ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a “high trotting horse.”

† The last line is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-Jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his “Dactylics”: “God help thee, silly one.”—“Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,” p. 23.

The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble
And quit his books for fear of growing double ;" *
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
Convincing all by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime :
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy,"
A moonstruck silly lad who lost his way
And, like his bard, confounded night with day.†
So close on each pathetic part he dwells
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

* "Lyrical Ballads," p. 4., "The tables turned," Stanza 1 :

"Up, up, my friends, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?
Up, up, my friends, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

† Mr. W. in his preface labours to prove that prose and

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If inspiration should her aid refuse,
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,*
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The Bard who soars to elegize an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind !
“A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind.”
In many marble covered volumes view
Hayley in vain attempting something new,
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst
time,

verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

“ And thus to Betty's question he
 Made answer like a traveller bold,
 The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
 And the sun did shine so bold.”

“ Lyrical Ballads,” p. 129.

* “Coleridge's Poems,” p. 11. “Songs of the Pixies”—*i.e.* Devonshire Fairies: page 42 we have, “Lines to a Young Lady”; and page 52, “Lines to a Young Ass.”

His style in youth or age is still the same ;
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs" all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumphed there.*

Moravians rise ! bestow some meet reward
On dull Devotion—lo ! the Sabbath Bard.
Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime,
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into blank the gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;
And undisturbed by conscientious qualms
Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.†

* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "The Triumphs of Temper" and "The Triumphs of Music." He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration—viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant under the names of "Sabbath Walks" and "Biblical Pictures."

Another Epic ! who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imparts old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive !
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five !
Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
Too much o'er bowls of Rack prolong the night ;
If commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the Lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold !
Condemned to make the books which once he
sold.

Oh ! Amos Cottle ! Phœbus ! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame !
Oh ! Amos Cottle ! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
When thus devoted to poetic dreams
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
Had Cottle * still adorned the counter's side,

* Mr. Cottle, Amos or Joseph, I don't know which, but one

Bent o'er the desk, or born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Ploughed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once in name
England could boast a judge almost the same :
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the Spirit to the world again,
To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men.
Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife.
And guard it sacred in his future wars
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious almost fatal fray,
When Little's * leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by ? †
or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now
writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of
Epics : " Alfred " (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him, too!)—
" Alfred " and " The Fall of Cambria."

* [LITTLE, elsewhere satirised as

" The young Catullus of his day,
As sweet but as immoral in his Lay." —ED.]

† In 1806. Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm.

Oh ! day disastrous ! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's Castle felt a secret shock ;
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North ;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career ; *
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
And surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place ;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms.
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound :
Strewed were the streets around with milk-white
reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams ;
The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy ;
and on examination the balls of the pistols, like the courage
of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This
incident gave occasion to much wagery in the Daily Prints.

* The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum ; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the River to have shown the smallest symptoms of apprehension.

This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
That of his valour showed the bloodless hue,
And all with justice deemed the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er
The field and saved him from the wrath of Moore ;
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head.
That head with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it as Danae caught the golden shower,
And though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
“ My son,” she cried, “ ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol and resume the pen ;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country and Britannia's guide !
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.”

LORD BYRON.

THE BABY'S DEBUT

By W. W.

Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate,
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea ;
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee.

CUMBERLAND.

[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake,* a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage, in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on new year's day ;
So in Kate Wilson's shop

* The first of these Juvenile Roscii was Master Betty, who made his *début* at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st of December, 1804, and after performing a host of tragic charac-

Papa (he's my papa and Jack's,)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars !
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door :
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window pane.

ters at fifty and a hundred guineas per night, retired from the stage (for some time at least) with an ample fortune, when he had barely entered his teens. But a year later "Miss Mudie," known as "The Theatrical Phenomenon," a child apparently about eight years of age, and of diminutive figure, was hissed off the London stage. And the "Young-Betty" mania received a fatal check. See "Percy's Anecdotes of the Stage."—ED.

This made him cry with rage and spite :
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing forsooth !
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake !

Thus to distress your Aunt :
No Drury Lane for you to day !"
And while papa said, " Pooh, she may !"
Mamma said, " No she shan't !"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go ; one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber room :

I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam :)
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick,
As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good,
As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;
And there's a row of lamps ! my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, " Go on my pretty love,
Speak to 'em little Nan.

" You've only got to curtsey, whisper,
hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take :
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night ;
Then why not Nancy Lake ? "

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
They smile, they nod, I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show ;
So, bidding you adieu,

I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows a kiss, and exit.*

[Young Betty may now be seen walking about town, a portly personage, aged about forty, clad in a furred and frogged surtout, probably muttering to himself (as he has been at College), "O mihi præteritos," etc.—*Note to Edition of 1841.*]

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."

DEATH'S RAMBLE

ONE day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone ?
He dabbled and spilled man's blood, and he
killed
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh,
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)
To think how the mutes, and men in black
suits
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
So he let them alone like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother ;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal ;
Said Death, " He may keep his breath, for his
sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow, that his fare grew sick ;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a tollman taking a toll
In the spirit of his fraternity :
But he knew that sort of man would extort
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther !

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum ;
But he let them be—for he knew that the
“fee”
Was a prelude to “faw” and “fum.”

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust,
For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter ;
For on water he scarcely had cared for death
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade
To wait for the final trump !

THOMAS HOOD.

SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

W. M. THACKERAY.



COMPANIONS

A TALE OF A GRANDFATHER

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEWY MEMORIES," ETC.

I KNOW not of what we ponder'd
Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand in mine, we wander'd
Tow'rd the pool by the limetree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion
flowers
And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure :
Was it regal as Juno's own ?
Or only a trifle bigger
Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faery Queen, and are seen, I ween,
By mortals in dreams alone ?

What her eyes were like, I know not :

Perhaps they were blurr'd with tears ;
And perhaps in your skies there glow not
(On the contrary) clearer spheres.

No ! as to her eyes I am just as wise
As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth I presume were " pearly " :

But which was she brunette, or blonde ?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
Or as straight as a beadle's wand ?
That I failed to remark :—it was rather dark
And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly

In mine—was it plump or spare ?
Was the countenance fair or ugly ?

Nay, children, you have me there !
My eyes were p'raps blurr'd ; and besides I'd
heard
That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I—was I brusque and surly ?

Or oppressively bland and fond ?
Was I partial to rising early ?

Or why did we twain abscond,
All breakfastless too, from the public view,
To prowl by a misty pond ?

What pass'd, what was felt or spoken—
Whether anything pass'd at all—
And whether the heart was broken
That beat under that shelt'ring shawl—
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt) has gone,
Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor ?
Or her uncle ? I can't make out—
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we
were,
And what this is all about.

THE COCK AND THE BULL

You see this pebblestone ? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play' po' words ?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter, or exchange—
“Chop” was my snickering dandiprat's own
term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the
realm.
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me,
sir ?—

What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the
clock,
One day (and what a roaring day it was
Go shop or sightsee—bar a spit o' rain !)
In February, eighteen sixty-nine,
Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
Hm—hm—how runs the jargon ? being on
throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts succinctly put,
The basis or substratum—what you will—
Of the impending eighty thousand lines.

“ Not much in 'em either,” quoth perhaps simple
Hodge,
But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Mark first the rationale of the thing :
Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.
That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—
I had o' course upo' me—wi' me, say—
(*Mecum's* the Latin, make a note of that),
When I popp'd pen i' stand, scratch'd ear, wiped
snout
(Let everybody wipe his own himself),

Sniff'd—tch!—at snuffbox; tumbled up, he-heed,

Haw-haw'd (not hee-haw'd, that's another-guess thing): .

Then tumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,
I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat;
And *in vestibulo*, i' the lobby to wit,
(Jacobi Facciolati's rendering, sir,)
Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes,
And so forth; and complete with hat and gloves,
One on and one a' dangle in my hand,
And ombrifuge (Lord love you!), case o' rain,
I flopp'd forth, sbuddikins! on my own ten toes
(I do assure you there be ten of them),
And went clump, clumping up hill and down dale
To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing? Q.E.D.
That's proven without aid from mumping Pope,
Sleek porporate, or bloated Cardinal.
(Isn't it, old Fatchaps? You're in Euclid now.)
So, having the shilling—having i' fact a lot—
And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,

I purchased, as I think I said before,
The pebble (*lapis, lapidis,-di,-dem,-de-*
What nouns 'crease short 'i the genitive, Fat-
chaps, eh ?)

O' the boy, a bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun,
For one-and-fourpence. Here we are again.

Now Law steps in, big-wigg'd, voluminous-
jaw'd ;
Investigates and re-investigates.
Was the transaction illegal ? Law shakes head.
Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.
At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.
But now (by virtue of the said exchange
And barter) *vice versa* all the coin,
Per juris operationem, vests
I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom ;
In saecula saeculo-o-o-orum ;
(I think I hear the abate mouth out that.)
To have and hold the same to him and them.
Confer some idiot on Conveyancing.
Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,
And all that appertaineth thereunto
Quodcunque pertinet ad eam rem,

(I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat)

Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would or
should,

(*Subaudi cætera*—clap we to the close—

For what's the good of Law in a case o' the
kind)

Is mine to all intents and purposes.

This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch o' the vendor's quality.

He says a gen'lman bought a pebble of him

(This pebble i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my
hand),

And paid for 't, *like* a gen'lman, on the nail.

“Did I o'ercharge a ha'penny? Devil a bit,

Fiddlepins end! Get out, you blazing ass!

Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo-baby *me*!

Go double or quits? Yah! Tittup! What's the
odds?”

—There's the transaction view'd i' the vendor's
light.

Next ask that dumpled hag, stood snuffling by,
With her three frowsy blowsy brats o' babes,

The scum o' the kennel, cream o' the filth-heap
Faugh !

Aie, aie, aie, aīe, ! *отототототото̄,*
('Stead which we blurt out Hoightly toightly
now)—

And the baker and candlestick maker and Jack
and Gill.

Blear'd Goody this and queasy Gaffer that.

Ask the schoolmaster. Take schoolmaster first.

He saw a gentleman purchase of a lad
A stone, and pay for it *rite*, on the square,
And carry it off *per saltum*, jauntily,
Propria quæ maribus, gentleman's property now
(Agreeably to the law explain'd above),
In proprium usum, for his private ends.

The boy he chuck'd a brown i' the air, and hit
I' the face the shilling : heaved a thumping stone
At a lean hen that ran cluck clucking by,
(And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door,)
Then *abiit*—what's the Ciceronian phrase ?
Excessit, evasit, erupit—off slogs boy ;
Off like bird, *avi similis*—(you observed
The dative ? Pretty i' the Mantuan !)—*Anglice*
Off in three flea skips. *Hactenus*, so far,

So good, *tam bene*. *Bene, satis, male*—,
Where was I with my trope 'bout one in a
quag ?

I did once hitch the syntax into verse :
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat—ay, “agrees,” old Fatchaps—*cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i’ point o’ gender, *numero*,
O’ number, *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
Instance ; *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et* and,
Montes umbrantur, out flounce mountains.

Pah !

Excuse me, Sir, I think I’m going mad.
You see the trick on’t though, and can yourself
Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at :
And might, odds-bobs, Sir ! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

THE AGED STRANGER

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

“I was with Grant—” the stranger said :
Said the farmer, “ Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore.”

“I was with Grant—” the stranger said :
Said the farmer, “ Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board
And eat of my humble store.

“How fares my boy, my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps ?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle’s roar ! ”

“ He fell in battle—I see, alas !
Thou’dst smooth these tidings o’er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom’s core.

“ How fell he ?—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore ;
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore !”

“ I cannot tell,” said the aged man,
“ And should have remarked before
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war.”

Then the farmer spake him never a word
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;
And I shall not deny
With regard to the same,
What that name might imply ;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies ;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand :
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,

Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked at Bill Nye,
And Bill Nye looked at me ;
And he rose with a sigh
And he said, "Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards which Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain and my name is
Truthful James ;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games ;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know
about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper
plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar
whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a
head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that
same society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil
bones

That he found within a tunnel near the tenement
of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he recon-
structed there,

From those same bones an animal that was
extremely rare ;

And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension
of the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones was
one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said
he was at fault,

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's
family vault ;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr.
Brown,

And on several occasions he had cleaned out the
town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
gent

To say another is an ass,—at least to all intent ;
Nor should the Individual who happens to be
meant

Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of
order, when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the
abdomen,

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled
up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested him
no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member
did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic
age ;

And the way they heaved those fossils in their
anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper
games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James ;
And I've told in simple language what I know
about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE.

CONTENTMENT

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very* plain brown stone would do)
That I may call my own ;
And close at hand is such a one
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
Three courses are as good as ten ;
If Nature can subsist on three
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
I always thought cold victual nice—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;
Give me a mortgage here or there,
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—

I only ask that fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things ;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large*, in rings.
A ruby and a pearl or so
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear) ;
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I ride
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
An easy gait—two, fortyfive—
Suits me ; I do not care ;
Perhaps for just a *single spurt*
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more.

(A landscape, foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor
Some *little* luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameras, gems—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride ;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl ?

Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny
I shall not miss them *much*.
Too thankful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.

O. W. HOLMES.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER*

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all its might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

* . . . “ So much obliged ! ” added Tweedledee. “ You like poetry ? ”

“ Ye-es, pretty well—*some* poetry.” Alice said doubtfully.
“ Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood ? ”
“ What shall I repeat to her ? ” said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice’s question.

“ ‘ The Walrus and the Carpenter ’ is the longest,” Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done.

“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun.”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying over head—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “It would be grand !”

Tweedledee began instantly—

“*The sun was shining——*”

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. “If it’s *very long*,” she said as politely as she could, “would you please tell me first which road——”

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again.

"If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,

Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,

"Before we have our chat ;

For some of us are out of breath,

And all of us are fat !"

"No hurry !" said the Carpenter :

They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,

"Is what we chiefly need :

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed—

Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,

Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness that would be

A dismal thing to do !"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said.

"Do you admire the view ?

"It was so kind of you to come

And you are very nice !"

The Carpenter said nothing but

“Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice !”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !”

The Carpenter said nothing but
“The butter's spread too thick !”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said :
“I deeply sympathise.”
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“O, Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?”
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

FATHER WILLIAM

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man said,

“ And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think at your age it is right ? ”

“ In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,

“ I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that ? ”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his
grey locks,

“ I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the
box—

Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ and your jaws
are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and
the beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it ? ”

“ In my youth,” said his father, “ I took to the
law,

And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my
jaw,

Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“ You are old,” said the youth ; “ one would
hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;

Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—

What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is
enough,"

Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"



J A B B E R W O C K Y*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

" Beware the Jabberwock, my son !
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch !
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch ! "

* " You seem very clever at explaining words, sir," said Alice. " Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called ' Jabberwocky ' ? "

" Let's hear it," said Humpty-Dumpty. " I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

* * * * *

" That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted: " there are plenty of hard words there. ' *Brillig* ' means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner. . . . ' *Slithy* ' means ' lithe and slimy ' . . . you see, it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed into one word."

He took his vorpal sword in hand ;

Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came !

"I see it now," Alice remarked thoughtfully. "And what are '*toves*'?"

"Well, '*toves*' are something like badgers—and something like lizards—and something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty Dumpty. "Also, they make their nests under sundials—also they live on cheese."

"And what's to '*gyre*' and to '*gimble*'?"

"To '*gyre*' is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To '*gimble*' is to make holes like a gimlet."

"And the '*wabe*' is the grass plot round a sundial, I suppose?" said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called '*wabe*', you know, because it goes a long way before it and a long way behind it——"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," Alice added.

"Exactly so. Well, then, '*mimsy*' is 'flimsy and miserable' (there's another portmanteau word for you); and a '*borogove*' is a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop."

"And then '*mome raths*'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a '*rath*' is a sort of green pig: but '*mome*' I'm not

One, two ! One, two ! And through and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack !
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back.

" And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy !
 O frabjous day ! Callooh ! Callay !"
 He chortled in his joy.

certain about. I think it's short for 'from home'—meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

" And what does '*outgrabe*' mean ? "
 " Well, '*outgraving*' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you'll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you've once heard it you'll be quite content."

Note.—The "Jabberwocky" was once set (with an alternative copy for such as should not see the fun thereof) for Latin elegiacs at Trinity College, Cambridge. We here append the "fair copy"—the work of a late distinguished Fellow of the College :

MORS IABROCHII.

Cæsper erat : tunc lubriciles ultravia circum
 Urgebant gyros gimbiculosque tophi : .
 Mæstenui visæ borogovides ire meatu
 Et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathæ.
 O fuge Iabrochium, sanguis meus, ille recurvis
 Unguis, estque avidis dentibus ille minax.
 Ububæ fuge cautus avis vim, gnate ! nec unquam
 Fœdarpax contra te frumiosus eat !

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Vorpali gladio juvenis succingitur : hostis
 Manxumus ad medium quæritur usque diem :
 Jamque viâ fesso, sed plurima mente prementi
 Tumtumiæ frondis suaserat umbra moram.

Consilia interdum stetit egnia mente revolvens
 At gravis in densâ fronde susuffrus erat,
 Spiculaque ex oculis jacientis flammea, tulscam
 Per silvam venit burbur Iabrochii !

Vorpali, semel atque iterum collectus in ictum,
 Persnicuit gladio persnacuitque puer :
 Deinde galumphatus, spernens informe cadaver,
 Horrendum monstri rettulit ipse caput.

Victor Iabrochii, spoliis insignis opimis,
 Rursus in amplexus, O radiose, meos !
 O frabiose dies, CALLO ! clamateque CALLA !
 Vix potuit latus chorticulare pater.

Cæsper erat, etc.

A. A. V.

Cæsper : from *cæna* and *vesper*.

Lubriciles from *lubricus* and *gracilis*.

Ultravia, mæstcnuï, &c., see previous note.

Egnia.—*Segnis*=muffiish : therefore *egnis*=uffiish
Susuffrus : whiffling : : *susurrus* : whistling.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty
Dey had biano-blavin ;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes was himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valzed mit Madilda Yane.
Und vent shpinnen' round and round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de windows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I tells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Never coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty :
Dere all was Souse and Brouse,
When de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house ;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensybroost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs ;
I put my mout' to a parrel of beer,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;

Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
 Dill de coonstable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Vhere ish dat barty now ?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat float on de moundain's prow ?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All goned afay mit de lager beer
 Afay in de ewigkeit !

C. G. LELAND.

PHRENOLOGY

“ COME, collar this bad man
Around the throat he knotted me,
Till I to choke began—
In point of fact, garrotted me ! ”

So spake Sir Herbert White
To James, Policeman Thirty-two—
All ruffled with his fight
Sir Herbert was, and dirty too.

Policeman nothing said
(Though he had much to say on it)
But from the bad man’s head
He took the cap that lay on it.

“ No, great Sir Herbert White—
Impossible to take him up.
This man is honest quite—
Wherever did you rake him up ?

“ For Burglars, Thieves, and Co,
Indeed, I’m no apologist,
But I, some years ago,
Assisted a phrenologist.

“ Observe his various bumps,
His head as I uncover it ;
His morals lie in lumps
All round about and over it ! ”

“ Now take him,” said Sir White,
“ Or you will soon be rueing it ;
Bless me ! I must be right,—
I caught the fellow doing it ! ”

Policeman calmly smiled,
“ Indeed you are mistaken, sir,
You’re agitated—riled—
And very badly shaken, sir.

“ Sit down, and I’ll explain
My system of Phrenology,
A second, please, remain”—
(A second is horology).

Policeman left his beat—
(The Bart., no longer furious,
Sat down upon a seat,
Observing, “This is curious !”)

“Oh, surely here are signs
Should soften your rigidity :
This gentleman combines
Politeness with timidity.

“ Of Shyness here’s a lump—
A hole for Animosity—
And like my fist his bump
Of Impecuniosity.

“ Just here the bump appears
Of Innocent Hilarity,
And just behind his ears
Are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

“ He of true Christian ways
As bright example sent us is—
This maxim he obeys,
‘Sorte tua contentus sis.’

"There, let him go his ways ;
He needs no stern admonishing."
The Bart., in blank amaze,
Exclaimed, "This is astonishing !

"I *must* have made a mull,
This matter I've been blind in it :
Examine, please, *my* skull,
And tell me what you find in it."

That Crusher looked, and said,
With unimpaired urbanity,
"Sir Herbert, you've a head
That teems with inhumanity.

"Here's Murder, Envy, Strife,
(Propensity to kill any,)
And Lies as large as life,
And heaps of Social Villany.

"Here's Love of Bran-New Clothes,
Embezzling—Arson—Deism—
A taste for Slang and Oaths,
And Fraudulent Trusteeism.

“ Here’s Love of Groundless Charge—
Here’s Malice, too, and Trickery,
Unusually large
Your bump of Pocket-Pickery—”

“ Stop ! ” said the Bart., “ my cup
Is full—I’m worse than him in all ;
Policeman, take me up—
No doubt I am some criminal ! ”

That Pleeceman’s scorn grew large
(Phrenology had nettled it),
He took that Bart., in charge—
I don’t know how they settled it.



ETIQUETTE

THE *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of
Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain
and the crew;
Down went the owners—greedy men whom
hope of gain allured:
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily
insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners
and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned, excepting
only two:
Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker,
Croop, and Co.,
And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported
indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to
a mast,

Upon a desert island were eventually cast.

They hunted for their meals, as Alexander
Selkirk used,

But they couldn't chat together—they had not
been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though certainly
in trade,

Were properly particular about the friends they
made ;

And somehow thus they settled it without a word
of mouth—

That Gray should take the northern half, while
Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy
rare,

But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.

On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying
thick,

Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always
made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a
mighty store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's
shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he
shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things
he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in
the south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the
water to his mouth.
He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed,
and stuff :
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had
enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other
they had had
When on Board the *Ballyshannon* ! And it
drove them nearly mad
To think how very friendly with each other they
might get,
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette !

One day when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*,

Gray overheard his fellowman soliloquising thus :
“ I wonder how the playmates of my youth are
getting on,

M'Connell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and
Robinson ? ”

These simple words made Peter as delighted as
could be,

Old chummies at the Charterhouse were Robin-
son and he !

He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned
extremely red,

Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then cleared
his throat, and said :

“ I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem
too bold,

But you have breathed a name I knew familiarly
of old.

You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be
by.

You know him ? ” “ Yes, extremely well.”
“ Allow me, so do I.”

It was enough: they felt they could more
pleasantly get on,
For (ah, the magic of the fact !) they each knew
Robinson !

And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-beds all
night.

They soon became like brothers from community
of wrongs :

They wrote each other little odes and sang each
other songs ;

They told each other anecdotes disparaging their
wives ;

On several occasions, too, they saved each other's
lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for
the night,

And got up in the morning soon as ever it was
light ;

Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so
upon,

And all because it happened that they both knew
Robinson !

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,

And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.

At last to their astonishment, on getting up one day,

They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred, "Suppose we cross the main ?

So good an opportunity may not be found again."

And Somers thought a minute, then ejaculated, "Done !

I wonder how my business in the City's getting on ?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter, "when in England, as you know,

I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop, and Co.,

I may be superseded—My employers think me dead !"

"Then come with me," said Somers," and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment
when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland,
outward bound ;
When a boat came off to fetch them, though
they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly but respectfully
declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter
at the joke,
They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling
stroke :
'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming frock!
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating
stock !!!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he
had been rather rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash,
And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have
gone upon
In making the acquaintance of a friend of
Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard;

They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word :

The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head,

And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,

And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south ;

And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick,

And Somers has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.

W. S. GILBERT.

SINCERE FLATTERY*

I. OF R. B. TO A. S

BIRTHDAYS ? Yes, in a general way ;
For the most if not for the best of men :
You were born (I suppose) on a certain day :
So was I : or perhaps in the night : what then ?

Only this ; or at least, if more,
You must know, not think it, and learn, not
speak :
There is truth to be found on the unknown
shore,
And many will find where few will seek.

* The two poems which follow form part of a series of parodies published under this title in "Lapsus Calami."

For many are called and few are chosen,
And the few grow many as ages lapse :
But when will the many grow fewer : what
dozen
Is fused into one by Time's hammertaps ?

A bare brown stone in a babbling brook :
It was wanton to hurl it there you say ;
And the moss, which clung in the sheltered
nook
(Yet the stream runs cooler) is washed away.

That begs the question ; many a prater
Thinks such a suggestion a sound "stop
thief ! "

Which, may I ask, do you think the greater,
Sergeant-at-arms or a Robber Chief ?

And if it were not so ? still you doubt ?
Ah yours is a birthday indeed if so.
That were something to write a poem about,
If one thought a little. I only know.

P. S.

THERE's a Me society down at Cambridge,
Where my works *cum notis variorum*,
Are talked about; well, I require the same
bridge
That Euclid took toll at as *Asinorum*:

And, as they have got through several ditties
I thought were as stiff as a brickbuilt wall,
I've composed the above, and a stiff one *it is*,
A bridge to stop asses at, once for all.

II. OF W. W.

*Poetic Lamentation on the insufficiency of Steam Locomotion in
the Lake District.*

BRIGHT summer spreads his various hue
O'er nestling walls and mountains steep,
Glad birds are singing in the blue,
In joyous chorus bleat the sheep.
But men are walking to and fro,
Are riding, driving far and near.
And nobody as yet can go
By train to Buttermere.

The sunny lake, the mountain track,
The leafy groves are little gain
While Rydal's pleasant pathways lack
The rattle of the passing train.
But oh ! what poet would not sing
That heaven-kissing rocky cone,
On whose steep side the railway-king
Should set his smoky throne ?

Helvellyn in those happy days
With tunnelled base and grimy peak
Will mark the lamp's approaching rays,
And hear the whistle's warning shriek :
Will note the coming of the mails,
And watch with unremitting stare
The dusky grove of iron rails
Which leads to Euston Square.

Wake, England, wake ! 'tis now the hour
To sweep away this black disgrace
The want of locomotive power
In so enjoyable a place.
Nature has done her part, and why
Is mightier man in his to fail ?
I want to hear the porter's cry,
“ Change here for Ennerdale ! ”

Man ! Nature must be sought and found
In lonely pools, on verdant banks ;
Go, fight her on her chosen ground,
Turn shapely Thirlmere into tanks :

Pursue her to her last retreats,
And if perchance a garden plot
Is found among the London streets,
Smoke, steam, and spare it not.

Presumptuous Nature ! Do not rate
Unduly high thy humble lot,
Nor vainly strive to emulate
The fame of Stephenson and Watt. ↗
The beauties which thy lavish pride
Has scattered through the smiling land
Are little worth till sanctified
By man's completing hand.

J. K. STEPHEN.

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